

We would not reveal the names of our bracero informants if we thought there were a chance of their suffering reprisals as a consequence. But under this system, workers are not known by name; they are known only number.

Eusevio Gonzalez Sanchez worked for the Cochise Valley Farmers Association, of Arizona. He said:

*walk*  
The boss I worked for didn't give us anywhere near enough to eat. Just a little bit of food two times a day. He also robbed us of our pay, because he used crooked scales for weighing the cotton we picked. I came up to try to support my family, but I have had a hard time with what little I make.

Jesus Medina Paz, who had worked in the Trans-Pecos Valley of Texas, said,

*already used*  
Our barracks burned down, destroying all our clothes and money we had saved. We were never paid back for what we lost. But we didn't mind the barracks burning down. They were filthy. It was better sleeping outside. Once or twice the inspector came around, but he would just talk to the men in charge. He never talked to braceros.

Pedro Mardid Estrada had just completed a contract with the San Joaquin Farm Production Association when he said,

I worked in a very bad place. In the Islands of the San Joaquin, the dirt stings your body no matter how many times you take a bath. Also, it rained very much, and there was very little work.

For the first two weeks of work, I ended by owing the company sixty-six cents. When we asked about it, they said the first two weeks was only to show us how to work, and we weren't supposed to get any pay.

Many times, we worked twelve hours a day, but we never got paid for more than eight. When we claimed the rest, they told us no matter how many hours we worked we only got paid for a regular eight-hour day.

*add used*  
When the Association agent (Ed. Note: probably a Department of Labor representative) went out to camp, we told him about this. We said that we did not want to sign the payroll until this was corrected. He told us to sign. I told him that in Texas a Mexican consul once told me never to sign the payroll if it was short or else nothing could ever be done about it. But the Association man said I was wrong, and to go ahead and sign the payroll, and he would fix it later. I signed, and that was the last I ever heard about it.

The whole time I was working there, I never did find out what my regular pay was, or what the deductions were for.

A bracero named Uventillo Rios Larios, who had just finished working for the San Diego County Farmers Association, said,

The camp we were in is filthy. It has already been condemned, but it is still being used. We can never complain because we are sent right back to Mexico. If we go to the consul to complain, the ~~xxx~~ boss is always there, and if he sees us in there, we can expect to be sent back to Mexico with a bad report.

*add  
so repeat  
section*

Marcelino Sifuentes Perez said,

*Not  
OK add*

Before our contracts were over, the foreman told us that we would each have to pay ten cents to get on the list for recontracting. After collecting our money, we heard no more about it, until we were sent back to the Reception Center to be repatriated. We were all made fools of.

Eladio Banda Gutierrez, ~~xxx~~ a bracero from a tiny ranchito in Guanajuato, said,

*used  
add*

We never knew what the deductions were for. The checks just ~~just~~ don't show it. At this camp where we were, in Arizona, the food was awful. The only time we ever had decent food was when an inspector came to the camp, once in a while. I am leaving before my contract is up, because of the food.

stated,

*repeat  
OK  
add*

I was contracted three days ago and here I am on my way out to Mexico. Why, I was only making enough to pay for my board. I told my boss that I had a family to support and that I needed a job where I could at least make six seventy cents an hour. He took me to the Association where I was told to either work for my present boss or return to Mexico. I choose to return to Mexico. I owe my boss \$4.71 for board and insurance. Seven other men chose to return to Mexico at the same time I did. They said that they have worked in many places and that this is the worst. If they continue here, their families will starve. They bring new braceros to this company every day because nobody lasts there over a week.

on his way home to Yucatan from the Imperial Valley,

*already  
used*

said,

I waited two and a half months for my contract. My friends and I got our contracts on May 19. The contract states that we were supposed to get 20 cents a sack for harvesting onions... When we got to the field, we asked how much we were going to get, to make sure. They wouldn't tell us. After we started working we found out we only got 15 cents a sack. (Ed. Note: the "prevailing rate" for onion pull-top-sack in Imperial County at this time was 20¢.) They were big sacks. Working hard all day, the most I could make was 29 sacks. This took me 11 hours. I wasn't making enough to pay for my board and insurance. All I got on my first check was 41 cents. I

am married and have two children. I cannot support them on 41 cents. I make more than that in Mexico. . . .

There are six others who left their jobs. We are all going back to Mexico. Out of the group, I was the one who earned the most: 41 cents. Another man made 26 cents, another one made 24 cents, and another one made 20 cents. None of us have enough money to get home...

Juan Gomez Vega had recently worked under contract ~~for~~ at a camp near Manteca, California. He said,

Our camp must have been the worst one in the area. The coffee was nothing but colored water, and there was very bad cereal every morning. Two sandwiches at noon, meatballs at night. The boss, Carmelo, was very cruel and gave us very bad treatment. He always bawled us out, and cursed us.

*add*  
*to*  
*medical*  
There was much diarrhea in camp, because of the bad food. But somehow they always got warned ahead of time when an inspector was going to come to camp, and that one day they would fix good food and clean up the camp. I was never in such a bad camp before, and I hope I never am again.

In October, I was in an accident. The truck taking us to work tipped over. I was injured, and could not work for three months. ~~They gave me \$2.25 a day.~~ When I left for Mexico, in January, the consul told me I was supposed to get a check for my injury. That was six months ago. So far I have gotten nothing.

*already used*  
\_\_\_\_\_, regarding a contract in Santa Clara County,

During the whole time, the biggest check I ever got was \$10. Mostly they were around \$4. I won't even be able to pay the debt I got into to come to the United States. . . . ~~For~~ We only worked two days at 90¢ an hour. The rest of the time we were paid by the box. Some days we would only make 3 boxes, at 50¢ a box. But we had to keep paying the \$1.75 a day for board...

Our forelady was the meanest person I have ever seen in my life. She would dump over the boxes of strawberries we picked, yell at us, ~~suck~~ curse us. The food was bad, the barracks were terrible. When it rained, more water would come inside the barracks than ~~it~~ stayed outside.

*already used*  
\_\_\_\_\_, who had had a similar experience, said,

The first two weeks were all right, because we got paid by the hour. The rest of the time we got paid by the box. During that time, I never got enough to pay for my board and insurance. In fact, I still owe them money for my board. Right now, I haven't got a penny in my pocket. Some braceros got 9¢ checks. Some broke even. Some owed the Association money at the end of the work period. Many men quit their contracts. When we told the ~~boss~~ boss that we wanted to work by the hour, he got angry and said we were all lazy. We told him that we are not afraid of work, but that he wanted to get us to work for nothing. He said if we didn't like it, to return to Mexico. He said there are plenty of other men.

*already used*  
When we showed the association agent (USDL representative? ED.) the check stubs, all he said was, "Well, boys, we are all Mexicans and we don't give up. Keep working."

In a notarized statement, dated December 8, 1961, Manuel Ayala said,

My worst experience as a bracero was when I was contracted in Monterrey and was sent to Texas. In Monterrey, so many people from Mexico go trying to get contracted that many times the Mexican police hit them with their clubs to keep them from gathering around when the names of those that are contracted are called out.

The place they sent us to was a large dairy, near Girvin, Texas. Our housing was a barn, with the walls and roof made of tin. The floor was cement. There were fifty men in this barn. The bottom of the tin walls had huge holes in them and the doors at each end did not fit properly so that huge gusts of dirt blew into the building and it was always full of flies and rats. ... The barn had no windows and it was unbearably hot, but we were forced to sleep there. They had two open showers for the fifty men, and we had to wait a long time for our turn, which meant we ate late and went to bed late. There is only one outdoor toilet in that camp. It is filthy. One time, they killed a snake in the shower room.

*add?*  
We were contracted to work on tractors and as irrigators. Our wages were 50¢ per hour. But when we drove the tractor, we were paid 60¢ an hour. I also drove the truck that carried the feed for the cows from the field. There were about 800 cows at that dairy. The braceros milked the cows, and raised the feed, and did all the work. All of the men employed at the dairy were braceros. I would say that most of the men had been there for over seven years. They just kept having their contracts extended or renewed. When this happened, they took them over to the Mexican side of the border, to Piedras Negras, where they touched Mexican territory for a second and then were eligible for another contract. We had to work twelve-hour shifts at this place. The company offered to renew my contract when it expired, but I did not like working there, so did not accept their offer.

Francisco Garcia Sandoval, from a rancho in the state of Michoacan, ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ reported,

*Used*  
I came to the United States as a bracero in 1944. I picked peaches near Merced, California. I didn't come back until the 1950's, when I worked around Yuba City and Watsonville, California. Braceros are now treated much worse than they used to be in 1944. There is worse food, worse sleeping conditions, worse treatment. Instead of getting better, the program is going downhill.

*Used*  
\_\_\_\_\_, who had just completed a contract in the Salinas Valley, said,

*already used*  
I hardly made any money. I would make from \$2.00 to \$8.00 daily. Mostly in the lower \$2.00 and \$3.00 area. From this, there were deductions. In a whole month, I only made \$25 clear. I spent nothing on myself. I ~~was~~ sent it all home, but it is not enough. Here is a letter from my wife. She says they are all hungry. They have nothing to eat but hard tortillas. She says the children want to leave home to beg. She asks, "Why do you not send money home?" After I received this letter, I borrowed \$15 from a friend of mine, who was very kind, and I sent that home... I do not know how I will be able to repay my friend.

A bracero who was working in San Bernardino County at the time said,

*Used*  
\_\_\_\_\_  
It seems to me they should show us a record of how many boxes/we picked and how much we were paid ~~for~~ per box. That way, we would know if there was a mistake. But they do not do that. I keep my own record, but when I get my check, it just has one number on it: how much I made libre (i.e., net, ED.) I cannot tell if I am being cheated or not... Why are there no inspectors who come here to help us?

\_\_\_\_\_  
said,

*Used*  
We had a very bad contract. ... Only one day out of the six weeks did we work by the hour. Then we got 90¢ an hour. The rest of the time we picked strawberries by contract. We got 40¢ for each crate. It took us almost an hour to pick a crate because the crop was very poor and the good berries were scarce. One of the crews of 30 or 40 men went on strike, their pay was so low. All the big chiefs of the association came out to talk to us. They said the wages we were receiving were the same as the locals.

Salvador Tovar Martinez, a bracero from a rancho in Zacatecas, said,

*Used*  
An inspector came to camp once, but he did not look at anything... I am leaving, even though my contract has not expired. I got a check that was short. I got gypped. But when I complained about it, nobody would listen. So I am leaving...

\_\_\_\_\_  
said,

*already used, delete?*  
I owe 1,250 pesos at home, and I do not plan to return until I am able to pay the debt. I will not be able to pay it picking cotton here in the Imperial Valley. As soon as this contract is over, I will have to try to get another contract, and hope that I am sent to Northern California.

\_\_\_\_\_ said,

*add to  
Repair  
section*

Last October, I was working ~~far~~ in Arizona. I began to feel a pain in my stomach. It was from too little food and too much hard work. I went to a doctor. He didn't tell me what was the matter with me, but he said I should be put in the hospital. Instead, the association ended my contract.

\_\_\_\_\_ a bracero on his way back to Mexico after an extended contract, said,

*Work*

I had a very bad contract on this trip. I was sent to Oxnard. I worked for the Ventura County Citrus Growers. We were supposed to pick lemons. But it rained a lot, so we were only able to work about  $\frac{1}{3}$  three days out of each week, on the average... On the days that I worked, I made about \$4.00 clear. On other days, we made nothing, but they charged us for board just the same. In five months at Oxnard, I was only able to send \$110 to my family. That is only a little more than \$20 a month. It is not enough. I have a large family, with six children, and everything is very expensive where they live, in Mexicali.

*already  
used*

A bracero with a similar experience said,

My friends and I were contracted from March until September, but we are quitting because we can't afford to keep working here. We were working in Santa Barbara County. We worked less than half the time, and only half the day even on those days. They told us that next week they were planning to cut down on our hours even more. That is when we decided to go back to Mexico. When we quit, they refused to pay us what was coming to us. They said we would have to wait a week, until they made out our checks. But we couldn't stay around there, waiting all that time, because they would have kept on charging us for the board, and we would have ended up owing them money. They owe each one of us for 54 hours of work at 36¢ an hour, and 176 boxes at 20¢ a box. Who can we see about getting out money?

\_\_\_\_\_ who had worked in a different part of California, said,

*already  
used*

The first eighteen days we were in camp, we worked every day. Then we did not work a single day the rest of the month. We sat around for two weeks. We just sat around waiting to be sent home. We were charged for board the whole time. Most of the men ended with just enough to pay the board. I have just eight dollars left, from the whole month I was here. I live in Michoacan. That is far below the border. I doubt if I can pay for my transportation back to my home.

In a somewhat similar vein, a bracero named \_\_\_\_\_ said,

*used*

We only worked about four hours a day. When you work so little, you make no money. I won't even be able to get to my home in Guanajuato. I will just have to stay in Mexicali and try to get another contract.

A bracero who had just been rejected at the border reception center said,

*add?* I and five of my friends have all been rejected. All of us are ruined, since all of us went deeply into debt in order to come here for a contract. I sold my milpa (small farm, ED.) in Aguascalientes to raise money for the trip. My wife and six children are waiting at home, waiting for me to send them money from the United States. Now there will be no money, and there is nothing for me to go back to. I guess my children will have to beg in the streets. I wish I were dead.

Question: Did you ever have to pay any kind of propina ("sweetener," or "tip") to enter this country as a bracero?

Answer: I certainly did. The first time, it was 250 pesos. The second time, it was 350 pesos.

A: To get a contract at Empalme. Otherwise, you have to stand in line for many months, and you may never get a contract. After I paid, I was put on a special list and was sent to El Centro right away.

Q: To whom did you pay these propinas?

Q: Were they with the Mexican or American government?

A: It doesn't matter. Todos son iguales (all are the same).

Q: Are these legitimate costs, or would you say they are mordidas?

A: Es mordida! Con toda la intencion de la palabra es mordida! (It is a bribe! ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ In every sense of the word, it is a bribe!!)

Q: How do you feel about this practice?

A: I do not like this practice. It is hard to get the money to pay these agentes sin verguenza (agents without shame).

Ruben Reynoso Gutierrez, from the state of Jalisco, Mexico, made the following statement on December 3, 1961:

It is important that the people should know how hard it is for those that come from Mexico as braceros. Every time I have come to the United States as a bracero I have had to pay 1,200 pesos in Empalme to get on the list. Even then, I have had to wait from two to four months to get contracted.

My father is a good example of how Mexicans suffer because they wish to better their economic standards. At one time, our family had a small ranch in Jalostotitlan, Jalisco. My father spent a great deal of money in trying to fix papers to immigrate to the United States. When he went for his interview with the U.S. Consulate, they gave him a reading test. On this basis, he was not allowed to immigrate, although his papers were all in order. So then he went to Empalme to try to get contracted. After three months, he returned home. His funds were exhausted. He had failed to get a contract. By this time, he was desperate. He sold our farm, and spent 3,000 pesos for a false immigration visa. He was caught in the United States, and deported. He was told he could not enter the country again for two years. After a two year wait, again he went to Empalme to try to get a contract as a bracero. Although he paid his mordida, again he was not contracted, and again he came home. Then he went to the U.S. as a "tourist" -- without any papers. He was caught and spent a month in jail and again deported. Now... we no longer have our ranch. And I am trying to support the family by working in the U.S. ...

It is not infrequent to see many men in Empalme begging to keep themselves alive until they can get contracted -- if they can get contracted. In Empalme, we pay a peso to sleep on dirt floors with a rock for a pillow. Those that do not have the peso sleep by the side of the road that leads into Empalme...<sup>2</sup>

In 1959, I went to Empalme. I waited four months, from March until the last of July, even though I paid the 1,200 pesos. I was sent to Santa Rosa, California... for the 45 day period of my contract. After my contract expired I returned home, but I had barely made enough to pay

add?

my mordida, so back I came to Empalme, in 1960.

After the usual mordida, and waiting two months, I went to work in Salinas, California. I did not like Salinas at all because we only worked three and four hours a day. Many days we did not work at all, but we still had to pay the board. Our pay checks for two weeks were around \$15.00. We rose at five o'clock to begin work at seven, and often we were back to the camp by nine a.m. We worked in thinning lettuce and beets, and cutting lettuce. One bracero in our camp became so depressed he committed suicide by hanging himself.

*we*  
If anyone wanted to change camps because of the short hours, they were sent back to Mexico immediately. ... But transfers wouldn't have done any good. All of the lettuce camps were the same. No one was working a full day. ~~Now~~ The wage was 85¢ an hour, but the hours were not enough. None of the braceros working in the lettuce made enough money to pay their mordida in Mexico.

A bracero who had just left Empalme told this story:

*already used*  
Empalme is near Guaymas, which is where the North Americans go. Some of the braceros go down to Guaymas and wait for the American tourists to come in from their fishing. After the tourists have had pictures taken of themselves and their fish, sometimes they throw them away. When this happens, the braceros are waiting, and they eat the fish.

Some of the braceros just go hungry. About a week ago, some friends of mine and I found a bracero under a tree in Empalme. He was dead. When they were trying to find out what he had died from, they found that all he had inside of him was two banana skins. He had starved to death.

Among ~~the~~ of the most common of all abuses of braceros ~~is~~ are those in the area of medical care. Article 19 ~~and~~ of the Migrant Labor Agreement, and Article 3 of the Standard Work Contract require that bracero-users shall ~~not~~ carry workmen's compensation insurance, at no cost to the workers, to protect them in the event of occupational injuries or illnesses. Article 3 of the Standard Work Contract also requires that employers shall obtain ~~not~~ "at the worker's expense, non-occupational insurance for injuries and illness..." In other words, braceros are supposed to have around-the-clock medical coverage. It is, ~~as we have~~ as we have said, one of the most abused aspects of the system, ~~and~~ one about which braceros are particularly bitter, and one ~~with~~ with which the administering agencies have proven particularly reluctant to deal.

A bracero who had been working in Arizona said,

*add medical*  
I have been working for five years as a "special" for the Yuma Producers Cooperative. I have not been to Mexico for more than a few hours during that whole time. Now I am being kicked out of the U.S. because they say I have tuberculosis. If I do, It is because I got sick here. I have been a good worker. I picked cotton, cultivated, and irrigated. I never missed a single day's work. ... Why don't they cure my tuberculosis here? We pay for our insurance. This is what insurance is supposed to be for! Don't we have any rights at all?

The insurance is supposed to take care of us if we get sick in this country. Now I am being sent back to Mexico and I will have to take care of myself. ... The strongest memory of the United States I am going to take with me is the way they gyp braceros here.

A bracero named \_\_\_\_\_ said,

*already used*  
From December to March, I was contracted to Imperial Valley Farmers Association. I worked at El Centro and Borrego Springs. I did not even get work half of the time. My checks were around \$6.00 a week. In March, I was recontacted to the Blythe Growers Association. I was sent to Camp California, in Blythe. The food was terrible. They always left soap on the dishes when they washed them. Many of the braceros quit in disgust and went back to Mexico...

I got sick. I think it was the food that made me sick. I went to the doctor. He said I was lying -- that I was not really sick. The receptionist in the doctor's office was very mean, also. The doctor got very angry, and refused to give me any treatment. I said that I was going to talk to the Mexican Consul. The doctor and the receptionist said that I could not see him...

I went back to work. A few days later, my legs, hands, arms, and face

got swollen. They felt like pins were sticking in them. But I was afraid to go back to that doctor. He was mean and rough to all the men. Many of the men were afraid of him, and would not go to him for this reason.

When I tried to work, my whole body would get swollen and sore. I did not even work three days out of a week. I only made enough to pay my board. Some weeks I did not even make that much. I finally decided to go back home.

Now I would like to get medical treatment. I do not want to be sent back like this. I will be useless in Mexico in this condition. I will not be able to help my parents on the farm. I have not told my parents that I am sick because I am so ashamed. How can I return home when I have no money at all, and I am sick besides? Don't I have any rights?

I went to the representative of the U.S. Government and he was very cruel to me. Now I want to see the Mexican consul. I will see if I have any rights, or not.

11

A bracero who had been working at an illegal occupation in Sacramento County said,

During my contract, I was driving a tractor for the California Packing Corporation, near Rio Vista. One day I tore my side while working. I was taken to a doctor in Rio Vista. All he gave me were little white pills that were no good. I went several times and he never cured me. This went on for a month and a half. Meanwhile, I kept on working despite the pain. When I finally could not bear it any longer, I was taken to a hospital in Sacramento. Three days later, I was operated on. Three days after that, I was taken to the county hospital, where I stayed for about two weeks. When I got out, I went to the camp where I had worked and asked for my wages for ~~four~~ the days that I had worked before I got sick. I had \$38 coming in wages. The camp superintendent just laughed at me and said that I owed them money for my board while I had been in the hospital. How could that be when I had not eaten any meals in the camp during that time?

I never got a cent from anybody, not even the insurance company, for the time I was sick. In fact, I ended up in debt.

The number of cases can be multiplied almost endlessly.

While I was hoeing sugar beets in Imperial County, my legs became paralyzed. I was in the hospital nine days, and missed nearly two weeks of work altogether. I did not get a cent for this time. I was still not cured when I got out of the hospital. I went to Mexico and had to spend my own money to get cured.

\* \* \* \* \*

My contract was in Santa Barbara County. While I was there, one of the braceros hurt his leg, and had to have an operation. He has been unable to work for over ~~two~~ months, and he has not received a single penny for compensation.

\* \* \* \* \*

add

My brother lost a finger while he was working up here as a bracero. He was working as a carpenter around camp. (Another illegal activity. ED.) He never got a damn cent.

\* \* \* \* \*

During my last contract, I was picking tomatoes for the San Joaquin Farm Production Association. Another bracero -- a friend of mine was -- was working in the kitchen. They said he was too young and small to work in the fields. All they ever gave him was cigarette money. One day, he crushed his fingers in one of the machines they had in the kitchen. He couldn't do anything for fifteen days. He never got any kind of compensation.

\* \* \* \* \*

add

From September to November, I worked for a man on Lower Sacramento Road, in San Joaquin County. Around the first of November, I got pneumonia from getting wet while working. I was sick for 22 days. The whole time, I had to continue paying for my board, out of my own pocket. The insurance paid nothing. Finally, on November 20, my contract ended. I was sent back although I was still sick. The doctor that I was taken to gave very bad treatment.

\* \* \* \* \*

They will not take a bracero to the doctor unless he is dying. When I was working for the association in Goleta, in January, a friend of mine got sick. They did nothing for him but give him pills. He kept getting worse. Finally, he got very sick and they operated on him. Now it is May, and he has still not been given a cent. Another man at this same camp hurt his eye. He was refused medical treatment for fifteen days. Finally, he went in on his own and was taken care of.

\* \* \* \* \*

Association,

When we were working for Citrus Growers/ near Riverside, a friend of mine fell off the ladder while he was working and injured his leg. He did not work for a whole month, and he got nothing for compensation. His board bill just kept on growing and growing, so he finally left for Mexico. He was penniless, and also in debt to the Association for his board.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am leaving my contract before it is over. We worked only one day a week. The food stank. I have pains in my chest and back from the cold, wet weather. I went to the doctor, but he didn't even examine me. He just gave me some pills. We pay for the insurance, what what is the use of having it? It is no good. We will not be cured. We get pills for broken legs the same as we would get them for headaches. The same pills we can buy anywhere for five cents. I am going back to Mexico to be cured.

\* \* \* \* \*

I just got through a contract with the California Packing Corporation, cutting asparagus in San Joaquin County. One of the boys in the camp where I was cut his hand badly... He asked to be taken to the doctor, but the boss said he could not be taken to the doctor because the accident had happened outside of working hours.

\* \* \* \* \*

We were always ignored when we were sick and were never taken to a doctor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Even though the contract specifies certain things, the ~~bosses~~ bosses/never pay any attention. In the camps I have been in, we ~~were~~ are refused medical attention no matter how sick we are.

Several of my friends and I have been sick in this camp. None of us have ever seen the doctor that the Association (Imperial Valley Farmers Association. ED.) is supposed to have. Whenever we go to the doctor, he is never there. The secretary or the nurse ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> the only ones who ever take care of the sick braceros. They ~~would~~ just give pills.

\* \* \* \* \*

One of the braceros here in camp went to the doctor in Salinas to get treatment. All that was wrong ~~was~~ with him was a bad cold. But he couldn't make either the doctor or the nurse understand. They couldn't understand a word of Spanish, and my friend couldn't explain himself in English. My friend thinks they misunderstood him and gave him the wrong kind of medicine. It poisoned him, and he is now in the hospital.

\* \* \* \* \*

About a month ago, when I was cultivating tomatoes, I got a pain at the bottom of my back. I asked to go to the doctor. But the camp caretaker refused to take me... He would curse us and say that we were not sick and that we needed no medical treatment. One morning some of the other braceros and I were waiting to go to the doctor, ~~in Mexico~~ and he came out and said, "All you sons-of-bitches get back to work." What could we do? We went back to work.

\* \* \* \* \*

*W.M. 8-19-52*

Recently I was in an automobile accident, and received a blow on the bhest. I was quite sick from a pain in the lungs. The pain was so severe that I could not work for two days. But when I asked the camero what I should do about it, he said, "Nothing. Since there is no blood showing, it can't be a serious injury."

\* \* \* \*

InJanuary, I got the flu. I felt very sick, but when I asked to be taken to the doctor, the boss got very angry. They don't want to take us to the doctor...

*add to report* \* \* \* \*

During my contract last autumn I gotsick. My stomach and chest hurt. I don't know what caused it. I ent to see a doctor who took care of themen in that camp. He said I needed to stay in a hospital for several days... But I never got to go to the hospital because I got kicked out of the country. The reason I got kicked out was because I went to the doctor. My contract had not expired. It still had another month to go. My boss just kicked me out.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was a bracero in Arkansas. I picked cotton in September and October. We had a very mean boss. Even if we got sick, we were never taken to a doctor. None of us braceros even knew the doctor's name, or where he was. It was the same with all of us. We never smghxmx got a chance to see him even though we got sick. My strongest memory of the U.S. is the bad treatment we got from that boss. I never did find out his name.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have no idea what thedoctor is like who is supposed to take care of the braceros here. The braceros have a very hard time trying to get to see the doctor, since the boss will not take them.

\* \* \* \* \*

*add to report*

I was working in the Imperial Valley. They had me driving a tractor. One time it ~~turn~~ turned over. I hurt my leg and I said I needed to see a doctor. The foreman was very harsh. After the doctor had taken care of me, he told the foreman to bring me back in three days for more treatment. But when we got in the car, the foreman bawled me out and told me he wouldn't take me back. He told me it was coting the insurance company too much money. He also threatened to return me to Mexico.

\* \* \* \* \*

*add to med -*

Once I got sick, and a nurse saw me. She said I should stay in bed and not work for twoor three days. Later that same day, the foreman saw me in bed and asked why I wasn't working. I told him what the nurs e had said. He made me get up and go out to work.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a very good friend of mine here in ~~xxxx~~ the San Gabriel camp. He came from my home town in Nayarit... My friend was working on a farm near ~~xxxx~~ here, running a grass-seeding machine. (Violation. ED.) He was trying to clear some weeds from the blades of the machine when he received a cut on his index and middle fingers. The cuts in themselves were not too serious, although the cut on the middle finger did reach the bone. He was immediately taken by the mayordomo, Mr. Piedra, to see the doctor... The doctor that attended him sewed up his fingers, put a bandage on them, and sent him back to camp saying that he would require no more attention.

Three days after the accident, my friend complained that his hand and arm hurt. He asked Mr. Piedra if he could see the doctor. ...he was refused a chance to see the doctor again.

A few days after this, my friend complained that the pain had reached his shoulder and that his hand was starting to smell bad. ~~The hand was very bad and the doctor said it was infected.~~ In desperation, my friend finally, one morning, sneaked onto the bus that takes the patients from the camp to see the doctor. But on the way to the doctor's office, Mr. Piedra saw him at the back of the bus and ordered him to get off and walk back to camp...

On the day after this, my friend again reported to Mr. Piedra. By this time, he could barely stand up. He was finally taken to the camp doctor. The camp doctor took one look at him and sent him immediately to the General Hospital in Los Angeles. Soon after he arrived at the hospital, he lapsed into a coma and never regained consciousness again. He died from the blood poisoning.

During this time, a man from the Mexican Consulate in Los Angeles came to the camp on an inspection... We told him all about the case of my friend, and the way he had been treated. However, the man from the Consul did not put any of these things into his report. I think this might have been due to the fact that he and Mr. Piedra are close friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have just finished a contract with the San Diego County Farmers. <sup>"e"</sup> ~~we were working under~~... We were always being yelled at, shoved around, and abused. Whenever we wanted to see a doctor, the boss always refused to take us to him. When I got sick in my kidneys, I had to buy my own medicine. One night at about eight o'clock, one of the braceros got very sick. We went to the boss and said that we thought the bracero should be taken to the doctor at once. We said we were afraid he might. The boss just laughed and said, "Let him die."

The next morning, the bracero died.

*add - medical*

Braceros' health insurance is supposed to be comprehensive. They are not supposed to have to make any payments beyond the premium of \$1.00 per week. But, over and over again, braceros find that in order to get care, they have to pay for it ~~makakimakon~~ on their own.

While I have been working for the Imperial Valley Farmers Association during the past six months, we were loaned from one farmer to another. We were told that while we were working for another patron who was not our first patron, we were not insured. And that we would have to pay for the doctor if we got sick. This works when one farmer lends his braceros to another farmer, we were told. We wondered if this was right.

\* \* \* \* \*

We were told by the boss that if anything happened to us outside of the camp, our insurance was no good.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I was working near Strathmore, I once asked the mayordomo of the camp to explain the health insurance to me. He refused.

\* \* \* \* \*

I worked for the Central Coast Farm Labor Association. There may have been a doctor we could go to, but, if so, we never heard anything about it.

\* \* \* \* \*

While I was planting celery in April, I developed a pain in my side and leg. It was quite painful. So I went to the Association doctor. This was the Ventura County Farm Labor Association. The doctor just gave me pills, which did not do me any good. So I went to a doctor on my own. He cured me in three visits, by giving me injections. He charged me \$6.00 for the first visit, and \$4.00 for the next two visits. But it was worth it, because I got well.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had a pain in my chest that was so severe I finally went to the doctor. But I did not go to the camp doctor. I do not trust him. I went to a doctor in Pomona. He gave me two injections and charged me \$15.

\* \* \* \* \*

I know from my own experience that the company doctors do not give good treatment to braceros. So I went to the doctor in Hamilton City, on my own, as a customer. I never told them that I was a bracero. That way, they treated me right. I had to pay out of my own pocket, but at least that way I got good medicine and was cured.

\* \* \* \* \*

A couple of ~~recent~~ recent cases from the San Marcos Camp in Santa Barbara County are representative of the demonstrable scandal in workmen's compensation for braceros.

My name is Jesus Gomez Rafael. My work in Mexico was field work. I went to Empalme to get a contract as a bracero. I did not have money for mordidas, so I had to pick cotton for a month and a half in Sonora, to get my control letter. After that, I had to wait another five months before I got on the list. I went to El Centro, to the government camp at that place. I was examined foreverything, and was told that I was all right. I got a contract and I was told to sign it. I tried to read the contract, but it was too hard to read.

We left for Santa Barbara. This took place on December 20, 1960. We were assigned to the San Marcos Camp. ... I was new picking lemons; they showed me how to pick. ... I worked there for about eighteen months. In May of 1962, I got hurt. I fell from a ladder. I hurt myself hard, but I didn't say anything right away. After a day or two I felt worse, and told the foreman. The man they call our representative took me to see the company doctor. I explained to the doctor about the pain in my side. The company doctor's name is Dodd. He felt me and said there was nothing wrong with my side. He gave me some white pills and told me to take them.

I went to see him a day later and I told him I was feeling worse. He felt my side again and said that here was nothing wrong. I felt real sick, so I went to see a Mexican doctor in Santa Barbara by the name of Lemos. This doctor saw me and felt my side and said to me I had a hernia in my right side. He asked me if I had gone to see the company doctor and I said I had. Then he gave me a paper saying how much I owed him: five dollars.

I went back to see the camp doctor. He tried to push me out of the office when I told him I had seen Dr. Lemos and that he had told me I had a hernia. He looked at my side once more and said I was to come back the next Monday and talk with the camp manager, Mr. Villasenor. I went the next Monday and saw the doctor and the doctor said he had not seen Mr. Villasenor and to come back the next day. I went the next day, Tuesday, and I waited for Mr. Villasenor... I talked with him and asked him his thinking about my injury... He said I should report for work since the doctor told him that I could work. I said I had missed eleven days work already because I felt real sick. He said I should report for work next day and try to work. He said that if I didn't ~~expend~~ work, he would report me to the Labor Department to be sent to Mexico. I said I would like to get well before going back to Mexico or back to work.

Then I told him I had seen another doctor in town. After that, he said the camp doctor would take me to see a specialist. We went to see a specialist and the specialist... talked to Doctor Dodd and he said one word many times: "hernia... hernia..." The Doctor Dodd shook his head and the other doctor said "hernia," and wrote on a piece of paper.

They were going to take me to a hospital for an operation. I saw Mr. Villasenor before they took me to the hospital. He told me that braceros who were operated on would not be contracted any more -- never. He said to me that if I asked them not to operate, maybe I could be recontracted. I said I could not get recontracted anyway, because I had already had 18 months as a bracero. The camp doctor, Dodd, said I should think about the operation. He said the insurance company was going to have to spend a lot of money. I said I had paid for the insurance. Mr. Villasenor said to me that people never were good after

an operation. I said I wanted to get well.

I was operated for hernia on the 14th day of June. The only person that visited me was Mrs. Elvira Quiroga of the CSO. When I was going to leave the hospital, no one came to pick me up. The nurse dalled the San Marcos Camp. All day I waited. Finally, at four o'clock, they came for me. The doctor in the hospital said it would take me four weeks of rest to get well. The camp doctor, Dodd, asked me when I was going back to Mexico. I told him what the hospital doctor had said. Mr. Villasenor then showed me a check. He said he would give me the check if I went back to Mexico right away, but that every day I stayed in camp was costing me more because of the food. He told me that ~~xxxx~~ there were two ways for me to leave for Mexico. Voluntary, or by reporting me to the Department of Labor... I am now waiting for a hearing about disability compensation.

This statement has been read to me in Spanish and is true and correct to the best of my knowledge.

The second bracero, who had a related experience with the same Association, stated,

I was in Empalme for two months. I had to work for two months picking cotton. This is the way to get a letter of introduction to the migratory station.

I went to El Centro to the Reception Center... There at the Center I was told that I was going to Santa Barbara to pick lemons. I was given a contract to sign but nothing else was said. No one explained my rights to me or to anyone else. I can read Spanish a little so I did the best I could with the contract. ... I made the trip to Santa Barbara by bus. We were given a sack lunch and we made one stop at a gas station. We traveled about eight hours..

I started work on the 30th of November and I started to learn to pick lemons... I worked for about three months... But one day in March I fell from a ladder and injured my back. The foreman noticed me when I fell. Later, I was taken to see the company doctor, Dr. Dodd. The doctor saw my back and gave me an injection in the rear.

The company doctor didn't say anything... finally I was getting no better, so I went to see Dr. Sanchez, in Santa Barbara, on my own. Dr. Sanchez took X-Rays and treated me and he sent me to a specialist. I was not able to work. I wrote to the Mexican Consul for help and advice, he never came to see me. He wrote to me telling me to try to get the company to pay for my medical expenses.

The camp manager and others were not helping me, but I finally got some help from Mrs. Elvira Quiroga, who helped me get medical attention and helped me fill out the forms for State Compensation. She also helped me get a lawyer... I was glad that I got a lawyer to help me because I have seen other contracted workers sent home without compensation for their injuries and without being well. I did not want that to happen to me. There is a lot of pressure put on us, when we get hurt, to leave for Mexico. The company doctor ignores our illnesses by giving us the same pills for a headache and colds as he does for other injuries. I saw other workers getting the same treatment as myself, even though their ~~injury~~ illnesses were entirely different.

I was sent to the Santa Barbara Medical Clinic, where I had an operation by Doctor Graham. While I was in the hospital, I was given a check for \$200 from State Compensation. But Doctor Graham says this injury is permanent. I

will not be of much use in Mexico. I will not be able to work like before. I don't know what will become of me.

I am thirty years old. It was possible for me to earn about \$18 per week in Mexico before I got injured. Now I don't know what I'll earn. I hope that I can learn some other type of work where my back will not bother me.

This statement has been read to me in Spanish and is true and correct to the best of my knowledge.

The bracero-users may scoff at such abuses as these and say, "The Nationals don't come up here for things like medical care, and housing, and fancy frills. They come up here for the money. And they make it." Some do, of course. Enough to keep the wheels of the system turning. But some don't.

I do not see why I should stay in the United States under this contract. Our earnings in this camp are the same as we were making in Mexico.

\* \* \* \* \*

I do not think it is right for us not to make enough money to send home. We eat here, because they take the deduction from our pay before we even see it. But what about our families? All I would like is to be able to make enough to be able to support my family. *add*

\* \* \* \* \*

When I left my home in Jalisco, I thought I would be able to get a contract right away. I only left enough money at home to last two or three days. It was all I had. Now I have been away from home for weeks, and am only getting enough work to pay for my own board. My family is begging right now, on the streets of my home town. *add*

\* \* \* \* \*

Where I was working in Mexico, the boss gave me food. Although my wages were low, that way I was able to support my family. In the United States, you make only money; you do not make food. When you do not make enough money, your family has nothing to live on. I am going to return home to make sure that my family eats. *add*

\* \* \* \* \*

The only reason I am staying here in the Imperial Valley is that I do not have enough money to pay my passage home. As soon as I ~~xxxxxx~~ am able to save that much, I am going to leave... *add*

\* \* \* \* \*

I had to pay much money to get ~~xx~~ from my village to Empalme. I paid 400 pesos to get a contract at Empalme. While I was in the United States, I made only barely enough to pay the debts I got coming here.

\* \* \* \* \*

A month ago, I got a letter from my wife saying she had to have some money to feed the family. The most I could get together was \$10. I gave the money to the foreman, who said he would mail it for me. That was nearly a month ago. A couple of days ago, I got another letter from my wife. She has still not received any money. I wonder if it is possible the foreman did not send it.

\* \* \* \* \*

I came to the United States because my parents are very poor. It was my parents' ambition that I could help them. But I had to borrow money from my friends in order to send my folks money. ~~Now I have to pay~~ I borrowed \$25. Now I can't pay my friends back. I have been here at the Willoughby Ranch a month, and all I have earned, net, is \$15. The cotton is no good. Work is bad. We do not work full days. Instead of working until 5:00, we work until one or two o'clock in the afternoon. I have not made enough to repay the suffering I went through to come here.

I do not know why they reduce the weight 8 to 10 pounds every time I weigh in my sack. The most the sack weighs is 4 pounds.

Now they are telling us that anybody ~~xx~~ who can't make enough to pay their board bill will be sent back to Mexico.

*add to next?*

C  
O  
P  
Y

When bracero-users are pushed into a corner by such evidence as ~~this~~ we have reviewed in this chapter, they are liable to have final resort to the contention, "All those are compliance problems. They are the job of the government. There are regulations covering all those things. Just because there may be a rotten apple somewhere in it doesn't mean the whole barrel is bad. There is nothing basically wrong with the program. It's your responsibility as a citizen to help us make it as clean as possible by reporting any violations that come to your attention."

We would say, in the first place, that compliance is impossible in the very nature of the case. There are too many workers, and they are too widely scattered, and they have too many grievances, and there are too few compliance officials. Compliance is impossible, ~~except~~ also, because of the nature of the compliance officials. The workers have no confidence in them, and for good reason. Compliance is impossible, finally, because of the nature of the workers themselves, who are too unlettered to be ~~awake~~ familiar with their nominal rights, and too timid to demand them even if they were familiar with them.

But, in the second place, we would deny the major premise of the bracero-users. The problems ~~inherent~~ of the bracero system are not, at bottom, compliance problems. ~~If~~ Even if there were perfect compliance ~~with~~ the letter of the law -- an absolute impossibility, but assume for the sake of the discussion that it were possible -- the system would be an intolerable one. Braceros would have as many grievances as they do now, although perhaps of different types. For perfect adherence to the letter of the law would not improve the spirit of the ~~law~~ / and the spirit of the system is noxious. The system is at bottom a caste system, and no amount of compliance activity can change that.

Nobody has any patience. Immigration, Public Health, Labor Department -- it is all the same. Everybody curses the braceros and shoves them around. Right now they have a couple of young bullies running the photography section... If a bracero doesn't hold his head just the way they want him to...they give him judo chops across the neck, or grab him by the hair and shake him, or even bang his head against the wall. I saw them bang one old man's head against the wall three times, so hard I thought it would break open. He had something wrong with his neck, and couldn't hold his head straight, was why they got so mad.

And in the contracting line, where the men have to be fingerprinted and all of that, the employees swear at them very badly. ... The cursing is terrible. I saw one bracero go up to ~~xxxxxx~~ the Immigration man, and ask him, "Where do I go now?" The Immigration man, instead of telling him where the next barracks was, said "Vete a la chingada." This means "go screw yourself." You hear this all the time. Many times the braceros are called a bunch of stupid asses: bola de pendejos. Estupido is very common, and so is baboso, which also means something like stupid, but is a particularly bad insult in Mexico.

Another thing you will hear over and over again is for an employee of the Center to call a bracero hijo de la chingada, which means something like "son of a whore." You hear this in the Public Health section, photography section, contracting section, everywhere. It is a very bad thing to say in Mexico, because they feel very strongly about their mothers down there. It is an especially bad thing for a young man to say to an older man. It is just unheard of. In Mexico, a man might even kill another man for saying this. But in the Reception Center, you hear it all the time from these young guys, even when they are talking to braceros old enough to be their fathers. The braceros don't do anything about it. They just stand there and stare. After all, what can they do?

But they feel pretty bad about it. I have seen a lot of braceros cry after they were talked to in this way. And it takes a lot to make a Mexican man cry.

It is a nauseating scene. There seems to be a selective factor working in any job which gives some people absolute power over other people. Positions as prison guards, policemen -- and bracero-pushers -- appear to attract those with a latent strain of sadism and fascism. Those who are not this way to start with seem to become brutalized by the system.

Serious as abuses in medical care, food, housing, transportation, and wages may be, the one area which is probably most galling to braceros is the area of humanrelations. We have remarked, earlier, that braceros are accustomed to filling the positions of serfs in the feudalistic economic arrangements which still prevail in much of rural Mexico. This, above all else, is what commends them to Southwestern corporation farmers. But braceros are not accustomed, aspart of their cultural heritage, to being treated with malice by the very people who exploit them. Even when there is x thorough-going inequality in a relationshipxxxx between landlord and peasant in Mexico, there is couzbesy. Even when they may be regarded as inferior human beings, in Mexico, braceros are accustomed to being treated as human beings of a sort. They are unaccustomed to being treated as something less than human.

Dehumanization pervades the bracero system. It/infectx everyone who comes into contact with these men. Perhaps after one sees enough thousands of people without names, withoutidentity, consigned in bills of lading to this Reception Center, that Association, this grower, that contractor, it is impossible to continue viewing them as people, after all, and not commodities.

The El Centro Reception Center is operated by the U.S. Department of Labor. Employees are civil servants, presumably answerable to the people of the United States. But listen to this description of the/attitude there, by a man who had worked there as a "labor escort."

It It is a shame, the way the people at the Center treat the braceros.

(pp. 376-7)

Following is another description of the sort of occurrence which becomes possible when men have too much power over other men. It is a notarized statement by an employee of the El Centro Reception Center.

On June 26, at about 5:00 p.m., I went to the front office of the ... Center to find out how many men were to be fed supper that night. About ten minutes after five, I saw Frank Olea drive the Labor Department's pickup to the front door of the office. Frank Olea is the Transportation Assistant, GS-7, at the Reception Center. He drove up to about fifteen feet from the door. He grabbed a bracero who was waiting b the corner of the administration bulding. He grabbed him by the arms, from behind, and walked him, you might say, around to the right hand door of the truck. Olea opened the door and told the bracero to get in the pickup. The bracero said, in Spanish, "No, I'm not going." Then Olea picked him up bodily and tried to shove him into the cab of the pickup. But the man spread his hands and feet in such a way that Olea couldn't do it. Olea tried to break him loose by grabbing one hand or one foot, but he couldn't grab all of them, so after a while, to try to get the bracero break his hold and get in the cab, Olea reached around from in back and hit him in the face. Then he hit him at least once more. I didn't count the times he hit him.

I guess he finally figured he wasn't going to be able to get him in the pickup by himself, so he signalled to an Immigration employee who was watching through a window of the administration building. This Immigration man was named Gastelum. ... Gastelum helped Olea try to force the bracero in to the cab, and he succeeded except for one foot, which the bracero wedged between the windshield post and the door -- in the hinge. They couldn't get it loose. So just then a man named Bill Ledbetter, who represents several farmers' associations, came walking by. Ledbetter is an agent for Pan-American Underwriters in El Centro, but he holds the power of attorney for several associations, such as Agricultural Labor Bureau, San Joaquin Production Association, and many others. He also crosses the men over as "specials." He had been loading some braceros on a bus for one of the associations he represents. ... He went over to the truck, and attempt to free the foot that the bracero had wedged in the door. ... They were still having trouble -- that boy was small, but he was pretty wiry. To make him let loose, Olea struck him right in the face with his elbow. The blow was so hard that it jerked the bracero's head backward, and it smashed the window at the back of the cab. About that time, they got his foot loose. They shoved him into the middle of the seat, Gastelum sat on ~~on~~ his right side, Olea sat on his left side and drove. They drove off. They were bound for the border, but I don't know what happened after that.

At no time during this entire episode, did the bracero attempt to defend himself, to ward off the blows, or to strike back. All he tried to do was to keep them from getting him into the truck.

Later, I found out that the man's name was Isabel Garcia Carbajal... and that he had been contracted by the Ventura County Citrus Growers Committee. I was told that some time earlier he had broken his collar bone while on the job, and had been awarded a \$500 judgment by the State Industrial Accident Commission. The check had been sent to the Mexican Consul General in Los Angeles. When the man arrived at the Reception Center, he had been asked to sign a statement saying that he had received \$200, and was told that the other \$300 would be sent to him after he returned to Mexico. He had complained to Mr. Paz, the Compliance Officer, that he wanted the whole \$500, and wanted to wait there at the Center until it came. ... He was sent to the Vice Consul at the Center, Mr. Ramirez, who advised him to sign. He still refused.

After the truck got back from the border, some of the employees at the Center saw blood on the upholstery. Olea stated that the bracero had cut his finger getting into the truck, and had smeared it over his face and shirt.

At places of employment, treatment is often worse. Raul Flores, a twenty-one year old bracero from the state of Sinaloa, said that, more than anything else, he resented the fact that "viene uno aqui como animal rentado" (one comes here as a rented animal).

Carlos Perez Morales was in the midst of a contract in the Imperial Valley, but was going back to Mexico. He said,

This will be the last time I come to the United States. The United States is getting to be a bad place. They treat us like animals. All they lack are the ~~xxx~~ whips. I would rather stay in Mexico, earn little, but be a free and happy man.

All this must send Joe Doe's credulity reeling. It must seem like an altogether different world, where none of the most rudimentary American notions of fair play or human rights apply. It must seem that this cannot be the United States. How could such things go on in the United States?

Then, to save his failing faith, perhaps Joe Doe seizes on the rationalization which ~~may occur to him in due course of time~~ has occurred to others before him. He may think to himself, "But ~~xx~~ things can't really be so bad. After all, the braceros keep coming back, don't they?"

Yes, Joe, they do. And this is the most sobering thought of all. Think for a moment -- why would men keep coming back to a system where they may be cheated, lied to, cursed, driven like beasts of burden, or, at the very best, viewed as articles of merchandise for rent? Why?

The answer is that if they don't enter this system, the alternative is endure a life of chronic semi-starvation -- hearing to ~~xxx/xxx~~ their children crying at night from hunger, seeing them beg on the streets, perhaps having their wives sell their bodies for food.

more,  
Then, think for a moment, Joe. The United States -- this God-fearing, democratic country; your country and my country -- is saying to these starving Mexican peons, "We will release you from your starvation, if you will say a goodbye to your family, ~~xxx~~ sign ~~xxx~~/contract with us, and work just exactly

as hard as we order, where we order, when we order, for as long as we order, doing what we order, for whatever pay we order." ~~Rankness~~

Don't you see, Joe, what we are saying, ineffect? We are saying, in so many words, "Slavery is better than starvation, isn't it?" We are taking advantage of the ~~humane~~ desperate hunger of human beings to force them into a system ~~that would never be the same again~~ so humiliating no man would submit to it unless he had to.

Is this honorable, Joe? Is this the kind of United States you want?

~~KK~~ Are you satisfied with your own role in this system? Remember that orange juice, Joe. Remember the lettuce, and the tomatoes, and the mushrooms, and the artichokes, and the olives, and all the things made of cotton...

<sup>S.J.,</sup>

~~Archbishop~~ Robert E. Lucey, <sup>Archbishop</sup> of San Antonio, had this kind of responsibility in mind when he said the bracero system is our "national badge of infamy." Roman Catholic Archbishops do not use phrases like this light.

Consider. Our national badge of infamy...